

# The MASTER of CRAVEN



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## SYNOPSIS.

Basil Tempest, world's greatest poet and novelist, refusing further to be lionized, shuts himself up in Craven, his country home. His gloomy meditations are broken by the admission of an American, Lucy Carew, who has come to England to get a study of the author, but more especially a synopsis of his new suite of poems. Tempest, angry at being disturbed, declares he will write no more, and asks Lucy to go. Repenting his rudeness in sending her out at night in the rain, Tempest hastens after her, but she refuses to return to Craven with him and takes lodging with a cottager. Next morning Lucy receives an apology from Tempest and an offer to assist her in writing her essay. Tempest dictates to Lucy, who listens spellbound as she writes. Lucy decides to go to London, but Tempest induces her to remain and read her manuscript to him. Lucy declines an invitation to dine with Tempest, who in anger and disappointment, goes to London. He asks Lady Ormond, with whom his name has been linked, to leave her husband, promising to marry her when the husband gets a divorce. She insists on the divorce first. Tempest departs for Craven. He burns Lady Ormond's picture after forcing a reluctant opinion of that lady from Lucy. The latter consents to continue the writing. Tempest burns the letters and photographs of Lady Ormond. He takes great pleasure in Lucy's presence as their work progresses.

## CHAPTER V.—Continued.

At Mrs. Ramsdill's during the long afternoon hours she tried to set her mind in order, to ask herself what she was doing, and towards what end she went. There was no one in the world to whom she was responsible; unfortunately free, her life was her own. But this was no reason why she should create for herself especial unhappiness or danger! Her idea of writing a sketch of Mr. Tempest appeared the acme of folly! She would sink down on her bed in a state of nervous excitement, overstrained by the morning's effort and bewildered at her indifference to everything that was not Craven. But the character of her reflections left her no time to dwell on the practical face of the case or to tremble for an uncertain future. Tempest, live and absorbing, filled her thoughts. She had no need to control her attitude in her attic room and would throw herself on her bed, her dark head hidden in her arms, and thus relive the day until her feelings terrified her, and close to unhappiness she would rise, wander up and down, look out of the low window in the eaves to search the road to Craven. How long it seemed; and how it stretched away into her life as she looked, leading to an end she could not divine.

She usually ended by vigorously composing her mind and forcing herself to see that the folly of her interest was no indication for ultimate happiness. Her heart contracted at the reasonable thought that she was probably not at all in the mind of Mr. Tempest except as an unknown American, a woman of different taste and race—nothing more than an agreeable machine, an impersonal aid that ministered to some caprice of his, and which he had not hesitated to employ. This frank view hurt and harmed her, and before it could cure her—had it been able to do so—its falseness shook her control anew. She had at first known him for a frowning, threatening, discourteous gentleman. He now gave himself pains to charm her, or, rather, let himself charm her as he could, and certainly he bewitched and frightened her. To her live imagination he seemed to call her across the miles that lay between them. As she took her leave of him his look claimed that she should return, and although he never said anything to bring her, even was forbidding in his good-bys, Lucy Carew fancied she could at night hear him calling her across the dark. And it gave her troubled dreams.

Tempest each day after Miss Carew left, lunched in lonely splendor, smoked and meditated, rode or walked as if he had a goal to make before nightfall. He turned from the Ford and chose the most out-of-the-way routes, for fear he might come upon Lucy Carew in some one of her lonely wanderings! She took them, he knew, but she could not have followed his Mad Anthony tramps.

One day before she began to write he said:

"I want you to lunch here to-day and go over to Penthuen with me. I can't write any more until I've been to the castle. It's an aesthetic tonic I take every now and then, and I know this weather—it's changing; this is the last fine day we'll have for ages. Let's squander it together. Why do you hesitate?" he asked, sharply. "I want you to go."

The day was clear and mild; along the hedges the holly reddened and the warm dampness of the air bespoke rain. The windows of the brougham motor were open, and the golden air swam in upon them soft and sweet.

Miss Carew's dress was red, her coat tight-fitting buttoned up to her chin, and a toque of cloth from under whose furry edges the bright line of her hair ran like copper. She glowed in her corner of the car. The day's brilliance seemed held in her as in a fulcrum.

Penthuen stands in a park of oaks through whose bare branches the gray and red of the towers burned and shone.

"It's Elizabethan," Tempest said. They passed through the gates into a broad court between two porters' lodges and rolled slowly along the avenue.

"It's not so beautiful as Craven." "Ah!" Tempest looked delighted. "Do you really think that? I wouldn't have you feel otherwise, but I'm afraid you're only kind. Penthuen is more historic. On dit that Elizabeth had it built for an obscure favorite of hers. She made merry here as ever she made; poor, vacillating woman, she was one of love's cowards. There's no one here to-day."

He held out his hand to help her from the car. "We have Penthuen to ourselves and with the Past."



"You Are Not Glad to See Me?"

The castle was a museum, its treasures famous in two continents.

At the door they dispensed with the old servant who acted as guide and who knew Mr. Tempest to have the privilege of the house.

Miss Carew passed through the castle by his side, from room to room, an enchanted pilgrim down the avenues of history, from picture to picture, from knight templar to the Spanish Armada. Every now and then Tempest would turn from the object he was discussing to look at her, but after the first time, when she caught his eyes in all their brilliance and passion, she did not meet them again. At the end of the great gallery where the stained windows let in floods of yellow and crimson light he opened the doors and led her out on to a balcony running the round of the towers.

"Let me show you—shire as nowhere else you will be able to see it." She leaned with him over the railing and silently enjoyed, and at length he said to her in a tone whose vibrant feeling made her shake as if he had struck the stone on which she leaned and it had trembled:

"Why do you keep your eyes from me?"

His question and tone were so unexpected that she could not for the soul of her speak—nor move. She leaned as she was, her face from him. After a second, in which she could hear her heart beat, he said quietly: "You are right to do so. Never look at me—or my like—again."

There was such depth of melancholy and despair in his voice that she involuntarily lifted her head—to see that he had started sharply and was looking through the open door behind him into the picture hall; then he gave an exclamation and she saw him flush and start; he turned and took her by the arm, thrusting her a little around the balcony's curve out of sight of the window.

"Stand there," he commanded; "don't move till I come for you." He had averted his face from her, and bowed and lifted his hat and stepped half way out of the balcony back into the room.

"Basil! What a fortunate encounter!"

"How do you do?" Tempest said, coolly. "Where are the rest of your party?"

"The rest of my party is one Frenchman—we have driven over from Galeswater, where we are at a dismal house party. I have left the viscount at the porter's lodge, for when I heard that Mr. Tempest was doing the castle I decided I would rather see you than the treasure with my gentleman. So I told him that, par grand malheur, the castle was refused to-day—that Lady Penthuen was ill, and I should run in and try to see her."

"How well you lie."

"I have often lied well for you," she said, gravely. "Let me come out and see the sunset," and she pushed past him. Tempest made no effort to retain her. Lady Ormond leaned as Miss Carew had done on the balcony rail, but she looked at Tempest fearlessly and not at the sunset.

"Basil, I have scarcely eaten or slept since I saw you."

"You are foolish," he said coldly, "but perhaps you are in love."

"Oh, you will say what you please! and I can't blame you. But you are

ceased to care for me. You don't believe in me, Basil!"

He shrugged. "There is no question of belief or disbelief. I had your answer—it was a natural one. I would not have had you make any other."

"Not if you loved me?"

"If I loved you, I would pray Heaven for you to do as you did."

"I understand," she said, narrowly reading him. "There is another woman. I was a fool not to see it before." He smiled, and it angered her beyond her control. "I see it all—al!" she reiterated in a voice strained between tears and anger. "You put before me an alternative no woman could accept—you wished to be free of me. Basil, you have played a wretched game."

He bowed. "You will think what you like. The principal thing is, you are free."

He had led her from the fatal balcony into the long hall, where he breathed more easily, now they were out of hearing. He could be temperate now.

"Letty," he said, "why do you do yourself such injustice? You make yourself a termagant. You're really only a nice woman; you know."

She said nothing. She had lost him and must accept it, but it angered her beyond her grief. She looked at him fixedly. "What is her name?"

He hesitated, and then, the idea pleasing him, he smiled and said:

"It is what a man in my need would choose it should be—a Latin name. You can follow it out for yourself—it means 'light.'"

She studied him. "If what you told me is true—" but his expression stopped the words on her lips. She bade him good-by without giving him her hand and hastily left the gallery.

Tempest did not retrace his steps quickly, but went back as slowly as he could, at loss what to say or do—irritated, discomfited, and somewhat amused. As he stepped out on the balcony and made the turn, expecting to see the flash of the red dress and to encounter with his own Miss Carew's embarrassment, he started—she was gone!

Tempest actually looked over the parapet before he saw that there was an open window leading to another apartment, and he went hastily into a library which he found that he knew of old. In a high-backed chair in the deep ensonce of a window Miss Carew sat reading. The full glory of the sunset wrapped her. Her face was perfectly colorless, but this he did not see, for the light reddened it. Her hands were trembling, but this he did not see, for they were beneath the book she held. She appeared to sit there in peace and to lift to him a serene, untroubled face. He could have fallen at her feet.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## The Hopping Prince.

Senator Tilman, at a Washington dinner party, was talking about the duties of an ambassador.

"They are important duties," said he. "A really good ambassador should know all about the country he is sent to. Then he wouldn't make the mistake committed by an American in Afghanistan."

"This American entertained the shahzada for three days, giving him a very handsome suite of rooms in his house."

"The morning of the shahzada's arrival, the American host visited him in his apartment, and was amazed to see the royal guest and his entire staff hopping about the floor in the oddest way. They conversed politely and gravely, but, instead of walking, they hopped, taking great leaps of eight or nine feet."

"The host ventured to ask the reason for this hopping. The shahzada politely replied:

"You see, this carpet is green with pink roses here and there. Green is a sacred color with us, so we are obliged to hop from rose to rose. It is good exercise, but rather fatiguing, I confess."

## New Uses of Cement.

European engineers are said to be very appreciative of the value of cement grouting for repairing defective masonry, lining wells and for making tunnel roofs water tight. In Germany a well polluted by infiltrations was put into satisfactory condition by lowering into it a sheetiron drum, filling the space between the drum and the walls of the well with Portland cement and withdrawing the drum after the cement had set. The damaged masonry of a tunnel was repaired by injecting liquid cement under pressure. Air at a pressure of seventy-eight pounds per square inch sufficed to force the cement into place.—Youth's Companion.

## An Exaggeration.

Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, at a dinner in New York, said of the pronunciation of English names:

"They are hard, aren't they?" Mainwaring is pronounced Mannerling and Beauchamp Beecham. But they're not so hard as I heard an American girl declare they were the other night."

"Oh, those English names of yours!" said she. "To spell a name Cholimondeley and actually pronounce it Marchbanks!"

## HINDUS ALARMED AND ASTIR

Spread of Christianity Threatens Whole Structure of Hinduism With Overthrow.

Hinduism is awakening to the fact that if the great sub-strata of Hindu society known as the depressed classes be raised by Christianity, the whole structure of Hinduism is threatened with overthrow. This awakening is being followed by efforts in various parts for the improvement of these poor people. The latest is a movement in Ahmedabad. In that city, on August 29, a meeting was held at which the attendance of the depressed classes was encouraged and in which they were allowed to sit beside caste people. Resolutions were passed for the formation of a Central Hindu association, which should have for its objects the raising of the depressed classes and their readmission into Hinduism after being converts to foreign faiths. As to the means to be adopted for realizing these objects, the following suggestions were made: (a) Starting schools, clubs and associations; (b) establishing preaching missions; (c) publishing papers, periodicals, magazines and leaflets; (d) adopting such other means as may be conducive to the above objects.

## NO HEALTHY SKIN LEFT

My little son, a boy of five, broke out with an itching rash. Three doctors prescribed for him, but he kept getting worse until we could not dress him any more. They finally advised me to try a certain medical college, but its treatment did no good. At the time I was induced to try Cuticura he was so bad that I had to cut his hair off and put the Cuticura Ointment on him on bandages, as it was impossible to touch him with the bare hand. There was not one square inch of skin on his whole body that was not affected. He was one mass of sores. The bandages used to stick to his skin and in removing them it used to take the skin off with them, and the screams from the poor child were heartbreaking. I began to think that he would never get well, but after the second application of Cuticura Ointment I began to see signs of improvement, and with the third and fourth applications the sores commenced to dry up. His skin peeled off twenty times, but it finally yielded to the treatment. Now I can say that he is entirely cured, and a stronger and healthier boy you never saw than he is to-day, twelve years or more since the cure was effected. Robert Wattam, 1148 Forty-eighth St., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 9, 1909.

## Carelessness with Firearms.

Georgia has a colored gen'man famous for the wild turkeys he can bag. He also can deliver luscious tame fowls, and Judge H— of Thereabouts ordered Gustavus to bring him an exceptionally fine specimen of the latter variety for the New Year spread. At the feast he carved the great bird with much satisfaction, until his knife struck a bunch of shot.

The next day Gustavus was haled to the judge's office.

"Gus, you black rascal," said the irate judge, "I ordered you to fetch me a tame turkey; you brought me a wild one. Don't deny it; here are the shot from it; now, what have you got to say?"

The colored gen'man shuffled and twisted his cap, then he grinned sheepishly, and explained:

"The fac' am, suh, confidential. The fac' am this—them shot were intentioned for muh. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"—Circle.

## An Inward Conviction.

Tommy, having disposed of three helpings of sausages and doughnuts sat mournfully regarding his empty plate.

Observing his pensive expression, Aunt Sarah kindly asked: "Tommy, won't you have some more doughnuts?"

"No'm!" the poor lad replied, with feeling emphasis, "I don't want them I got now!"—Harper's Magazine.

## The Mystery of the Ages.

Youthful Student—Pa, Methuselah was the oldest man, wasn't he?

Father—Yes, my son.

Youthful Student—Then who was the oldest woman?

Father—My son, don't ask. From Eve down, that has been a profound mystery to the sons of Adam.

